

F I V E
LOVE LETTERS

Written by a
CAVALIER

In Answer to the
Five Love-Letters

Written to him

BY A
N U N

L O N D O N,

Printed for *R. Wellington*, at the *Dolphin*
and *Crown* the West end of *St. Paul's*
Church-Yard, and *E. Rumbold*, at the
Post-house, Covent Garden. 1700.

THE LATTER

THE LATTER

THE LATTER

THE LATTER

THE LATTER

THE LATTER

THE LATTER

THE LATTER

THE LATTER

The Answers of the
Chevalier DEL.

To the Letters of Gal-
lantry, from a Nun in
Portugal.

The First Letter.

I Confess, you express the
Passion you have for me,
in terms so sweet and
endearing, that I should be
the most insensate thing in
the World, not to be touch'd
to the Quick ; the Testimo-
nies you gave me of your

Love the first time I had the Honour to see you , were Marks too plain and certain for me, not to be fully convinced of it : It may be needless for me to repeat them by Resentments so expressive of your Tenderness, that will but afflict a poor miserable lover, who thinks of nothing but you, who neither breaths nor sees (one moment of his Life) but for you. You are the most sweet delightful Idea of his Imagination, which continually flatters and pleases my Soul and Senses. I sleep neither Night nor Day; or if it happen, that Sleep close my Eyes but for one moment, 'tis only to torment me the more, by representing
you

you to my Imagination in
 some pleasant Dreams : Ah !
 I would to God that those
 Amorous Dreams had either
 never come into my Fancy,
 or, that they would continue
 always with me when a-
 wake. But what (unfortu-
 nate that I am) do I say !
 Ah ! I betray my Passion I
 reprove my self, I am pleased
 with my Sufferings, I find it
 pleasant to suffer for the most
Lovely Object, the most char-
 ming Person in the World.
 These are the true Senti-
 ments of my Soul, and you
 have always appear'd such to
 me from the first moment I
 had the happiness to see you,
 and to conceive a Passion so
 violent for you, that I have

ever since happily languish'd
 in your Chains: Judge you
 then if your Love has want-
 ed a Prophetick Fore-know-
 ledge of me ; no, no, you
 are not betrayed, your hopes
 are founded upon a Person
 will not be wanting to you
 to the very last moment of
 his Life ; I know your Passi-
 on is extream, and that my
 Absence must be severe to
 you, but it cannot cause more
 Torment to you, than your
 Absence causes Grief and un-
 happiness to me ; and I hope
 my return will not give you
 more satisfaction, than your
 Presence will give me Joy
 and Pleasure. Take courage
Madam, and mitigate your
 Grief, and let it not be
 too

too ingenious in tormenting you for a Person who is wholly yours, and depends wholly upon you. I hope I shall see again the charming brightness of those Eyes which makes up all my Pleasures, and the whole Felicity of my Life ; let those bright Eyes be *reanimate*, and resume their native Lustre, and cease to obscure themselves with Tears ; be assured, they shall see that Person again you have so earnestly wish't for. If my remoteness be grievous to you, yours must be much more to me, since it has made me die a thousand times a day for you, The present of so fair a Life as yours, is well worth the re-

ceiving , and sufficient to make me extream happy ; but, I beseech you speak not of Sacrificing it to me, who have nothing in me to merit so noble a Sacrifice, unless it be the Quality of being a Lover perfectly and intirely yours ; and by vertue of that sweet Title, I presume to accept it, and to make a perfect Sacrifice of mine to you. I know well enough you continually send your Sighs towards me, and I send mine to you every moment ; yours make me sensible of your uneasiness, and mine declare my Love, which shall last eternally, and should make you hope, that the day will come shall give an end to
your

your Sorrow. Forbear then
 (I beseech you *Madam*) to
 torment your self any lon-
 ger, and be assured, that the
 most delicious Pleasures of
France, are no other than se-
 vere Punish ments to me,
 when I consider my unhappi-
 ness, by being thus distant
 from you: I know you are
 fully perswaded of my ten-
 derness for you, by your ac-
 knowledgments, and your re-
 peated remembrances of the
 very affectionate Passion I
 have had for you, and the
 Services I have done you;
 they are inconsiderable in re-
 gard of my Love, which is in-
 finitely beyond any thing I
 could ever do for you, to ex-
 press it aright. The least ac-

knowledgment of it from you, is a thousand times of more value, than all the Cares imaginable the most perfect Lover can under go to serve you; and let not my past Cares and Sorrows give you any further trouble, but rather let those I am now going afresh to give you Testimony of, have a Room in your thoughts; neither mind my last Letter, but rather think of this I have now sent you; this you have reason to rejoyce as much for, as the former have occasioned your disquiet and trouble. For my part, I do assure you, I never was more surprized, than when I had news of you last, and that through the excess
of

(FI)

of my joy and Love, I fell into a Swound which I continu'd in for above three hours, in the midst of a great number of the most Beautiful Ladies of that Country ; but all that is nothing to the Resentments I have at this time for your Sufferings thro' my absence ; and I can assure you, that withal my heart I participate of all the Evils, all the different Indispositions and Passions you are subject to, which are as so many Darts that every moment do pierce and tear my heart, and the more sweet and pleasant the remembrance of your Love and perfections are to me, the more I am overwhelm'd with grief for the

trouble you endure. But to what purpose do you complain any longer of the Evils you suffer in loving me? What can I do more, than to adore you all my days, and Sacrifice my Life to you, as I continually do? These are the so delightful terms which you make use of to express your Love for me; and as for me, I am extreumly troubled that I cannot *in terms more affectionate*, express my tenderness for you. I am resolved wholly to follow your so affectionate sentiments of Love, and to consecrate all my one to you alone, which no other Person living shall partake of; they are all for you, and have not the least
re-

regard for any other but your
 self; and I faithfully assure
 you, my Soul shall never
 vent one poor sigh but for
 you. It is not possible for me
 to love a Person more per-
 fect or more accomplish't :
 The sole merit of your Beau-
 ty and your Love should give
 you all the assurance imagin-
 able, that I never shall have
 Inclination for any other
 than your self. Believe me
 (*Madam*) that when I quit-
 ted *Portugal*, it was for the
 grief I had, that I could not
 with freedom enough con-
 verse with you in your un-
 lucky Cloyster. I made you
 believe, I should stay some
 time with you; I know very
 well, 'twas too short a time;
 but

but since you desire it, I'll spend my whole Life there : I will find out the means to accomplish your desires, and to render you all the Respects and Adorations I owe you, as the fairest and most perfect and absolute Mistress of my Soul : I will certainly make good this truth, and put an end to all the Grievs and Unhappiness of us both. I was overjoyed he knew that the Letter I received from your Brother, has given some respite to your trouble ; it has also given me a great deal of Comfort. I know your Passion was occasioned by me, but you must acknowledg I had no less for you, and if I have
made

made you unhappy, I have made my self unhappy also, by quitting you ; but it shall not be for any long time, neither my Remoteness from you, nor your Cloyster, shall hinder me to love you, and to come near you : That place holds a Treasure which belongs to none but my self ; this you shall know at my Return, and in the mean time you may assure your self of it by my Letters ; our unhappy destiny separates us but for a time, but Love has united our Hearts for ever. I will write often to you, to shew you my concern for the Conservation of your Life, and that I suffer the same Torments with you, and all
to

to give you assurance, that my Love is come to the highest pitch imaginable. Adieu! I can do no more: I keep your Letter with more care and dearness than my Life, I kiss it a thousand times a day, and I would to God you could as well embrace yours. I hope (one day) it will be, and that that Destiny will unite us, which has thus separated us. Adieu! the Pen drops out of my hand; I wait for your Answer with Impatience; conserve your Friendship for me, and believe I shall not return into *Portugal*, but for your deliverance from the Sufferings you lie under for my sake, who am
abso-

absolutely yours, and a thousand times more yours than my own.

The Second Letter.

YOU do me injury in accusing me of having dealt unkindly by you, and of having quite forgotten you ; I cannot believe you have really such thoughts of me ; or if it be so, 'tis because you have not yet received my Letter, which when you have, I perswade my self you will be quite of another mind. I can do no less now than endeavour to undeceive you, by declaring
always,

always, and by all means the strong Passion I have for you I should be the most perfidious Lover in the World, if (after so great and sweet Testimonies I have given you of my Passion, and you have given me of yours) I should not persevere in my Love. Yes, *Madam*, do me right, and believe I am and ever shall be the same; this distance does but inflame me the more, and causes me so rigorous a torment, as makes me easily judge (by my own suffering) of the violence of yours; forbear then to afflict your self any longer, and forget that despair you are in, unless you have a mind utterly to kill a poor miserable

Crea-

Creature, who has no other
 thing in his Thoughts, but
 your self continually ; whose
 griefs you infinitely aug-
 ment, by the increase of your
 own, and the complaints you
 make of me. Ah ! Why did I
 ever see you ; or having seen
 you, why had you not less
 Love and less Beauty ? But
 what shall I say, unhappy
 that I am ? No, No, I would
 not for a thousand such Lives
 as mine is, have been depriv-
 ed of the happiness of seeing
 you, since that view has com-
 pleted my Felicity. I am ra-
 vish'd with it ; and tho I suf-
 fer by being thus removed
 from you, yet it causes Tor-
 ments so amiable and pleas-
 ing to me, that I cannot with-
 out

out injustice I complain of
 them, or if I do complain,
 'tis because I am sensible of
 your Sufferings and of the
 Complaints you make a-
 gainst a Person, who dedi-
 cates to you every moment
 of his Life. Do not injure
 me with so shameful Repro-
 ches, that I have abused you,
 'tis unworthy an honest Man
 and a faithful Lover ; you
 ought by the tenderness I
 have for you, to be perswad-
 ed, that my procedure is
 grounded upon a greater
 faithfulness and generosity.
 The excess of my Love
 should set you above all these
 mean Suspicions. As you are
 the most agreeable and the
 most perfect Lover in the
 World,

World, so do you merit more Fidelity and Love than is to be found in all the Lovers of the whole World besides. But to what end do you tell me that I betray you? Is that the Justice you do my Love? And will you destroy my Life by means so rigorous and injurious? What have I done to you that you should have such Sentiments of me? Have I wanted Fidelity towards you? Have you found any indifference and coldness in me? Have I done you any unkindness? I would rather have chose to die a poor Death, than in any manner to have disoblighd you in the least degree. You tell me you have not heard from me
 this

this six Months; you shou'd rather accuse the Infidelity of the Messenger, since I have written twice to you in that time, and not the easy blind fondness you believe you were guilty of in loving me. Our Pleasures are not yet at an end, or if they be interrupted, 'tis but for a short season; you shall yet one day see me again in *Portugal* and you may rest assured, that I will with all my Soul renounce and quit all my Kindred, Estate, and my Country, to devote my self intirely to you. If your griefs are real and true, your desires and Longings shall not be fruitless and vain. I hope to have enjoyment of your
sweet-

sweetness and happy Charms
 in your Chamber, sooner
 than you can believe with all
 the Ardour and Passion you
 can desire from my Love;
 and that our Pleasures shall
 continue so without inter-
 ruption, even to the end of
 our Lives. Cheer then your
 self (*Madam*) with this hap-
 py hope of enjoying more
 than ever the most gustful
 and delicious effects of our
 Love. I remember you have
 told me, that I have made
 you unhappy, that is but for
 a short season; for after our
 being thus sever'd for a
 while, our meeting will make
 us excessively joyous, and our
 enjoyments will be infinitely
 the more pleasant and de-
 light-

lightful: Let us not then seek
 after any other remedies for
 our Evils, than the hope of
 seeing one the other as soon
 as may be. If we suffer, let
 us suffer with mutual con-
 sent and agreement: You
 tell me, I am more to blame
 than you, your Love is
 grown excessive but I am
 not; or if I be so, they are not
 my Mistresses in *France* that
 make me unhappy, since you
 are the only Mistress I in-
 tirely devote my self to, and
 this truth which comes from
 my heart, I conjure you to
 be absolutely convinced of;
 If you have any pity for me,
 you'll believe my unhappiness
 proceeds from the Love I
 bear you, and not the indif-
 ference

ference whereof you accuse me ; that were to do injustice to my Passion : But 'tis with good reason that you flatter your self in the belief that my pleasures and enjoyments cannot but be imperfect without you, since I have no other than this single Consolation of having all my thoughts, passions, and affections , wholly taken up with you continually , as yours are with me. I am extremely joyed to know that you are become Porter of your Convent : 'Tis a most certain means of bringing our Intentions to good effect, but enjoyn you to keep your Love more private and secret than you have done hitherto,

C

therto, to the end we may be able to continue it with more assurance and undisturbed. Envy not the happiness of *Emanuel* and *Francisco*; they are but my Lacqueis, whom I should have but little consideration of, if they had not been recommended by you; but for your self, you are the true and only Mistress of my heart and soul. I wou'd to God that you were with me as they are, how happy shou'd I then be, since my ambition, my whole desire and longing of my Soul is no more than to serve you, and to live and die with you. I confess I make use of no other terms, than the same you do

do to give me Testimony and assurance of your Love; for where is it possible for me to find expressions more sweet and more sincere than those which come from your heart? If I repeat them, I do it to assure you, that I do not desire only to have you in my memory eternally, but also to have full possession of you while my Life lasts, in the place where you wish and most desire; I sacrifice my self to you with the same zeal you declare yourself towards me; I love you, I adore you withal my Soul. Do not fancy your self seduced, because of my long absence, it shall soon be at an end, and you shall know the contrary

of what you have hitherto believed of me. The Transports of my Passion are at least equal with those of yours ; nor let it trouble you at all that you have divulged your Love contrary to the opinion the World hath of Honour and your Religion. — On the other side, as it is a great perfection to Love, so we have this advantage and consolation, that we have brought our Love, to the highest pitch of perfection. I conjure you to believe my passion is equal with yours, and that I (by the same measures with you) place all my Religion and good Fortune in loving you to the utmost, maugre all
 ha-

hazards or ill opinions of the World. You afflict me when you tell me you would not have me write to you, unless I did it unconstrain'd. Tell me (I beseech you) is it possible for me ever to deny myself so much, or put that restraint upon my self, as not to write to you, and give you an account of my self, and assure you that I adore you as the most perfect and accomplished Person of all Humane Race? Why do you tell me you take pleasure in excusing and pardoning me? If I be not in condition to do something for your service. Do you think 'tis possible for me to forget you? I am never better pleased than when

I think of you, and take Pen in hand to write to you, nor more dissatisfi'd than when I lay it a side ; I am infinitely obliged to that worthy Gentleman, who was so generous to entertain you so long upon my account ; assure your self, that when ever there is Peace in *France*, I will give you the satisfaction you desire from me, and that you shall see that delightful Country, as soon as I can possibly bring you thither. Adieu ! Comfort your self, preserve my health in preserving your own ; as my Picture supplies with you the room of my Person, so does yours with me hold the place of the Person most dear to me,

me, until our happy destiny shall bring us together. Adieu ! I will never forsake you. Adieu ! I make an end ; believe me I suffer all the Evils you do, but I conjure you not to share with me (in any degree) of mine, for fear you increase your own.

The Third Letter.

NOW it is that I am lost in despair, finding my Letters have not been deliver'd you. My God, what shall I do ? Or what will become of me ? If my last Letter came not to you ? How comes it that I receive yours, and that you receive not mine ? I confess that you are happily remov'd from all (the

mischief) you have foreseen ;
 but, if one (at least) of my
 Letters can have fallen into
 your hand, it will be some
 comfort to you for my so
 much regretted absence ?
 Doubt not (I beseech you
Madam) but that I have an-
 swer'd with all fervent and
 passionate expressions of my
 Love, all your Letters I re-
 ceiv'd ; and believe me , I
 will not fail for the future to
 write by such hands as shall
 not deceive me, and give you
 all assurance of my passion ;
 no, no, I shall never forget
 you, I love you with too
 much ardour to be guilty of
 it ; do not you put an end
 to your Love sooner than I
 shall to mine ; put an end ra-
 ther

ther to your languishing dis-
 quiets, and assure your self,
 that at my Return you shall
 enjoy all those sweet De-
 lights you expect from my
 Conversation. Vex your self
 no longer, I am endeavour-
 ing to clear and disembarraiss
 my self of all my most pres-
 sing affairs, that I may hasten
 to your succour. Ha ! Why
 do I complain to you, whom
 I know to be so uneasy upon
 my account, and my self am
 so extream unhappy, and that
 you have no knowledge of
 all those Tortures and Griefs
 which ravage my Soul, and,
 as so many darts, mortally
 wound me. Bless me ! What
 a rack and torture 'tis to me,
 to be unhappy to this degree,

C 5 that

that my Letters never come at you. It makes me dy with grief, 'tis unsufferable, I cannot bear it; my unhappinefs is come to the height, and I know now very well, 'tis not without reason that you question my Fidelity; lay what you please to my Charge, I am content, and you may treat me with all sorts of rigour, since I have nothing to say, and cannot justify my self; in the meantime God is my Witnefs, I have never betray'd you, and that I never enjoy'd more pleasure and satisfaction than when I have been alone with you; reproach me not with saying all my cares to serve you proceeded from your
Im-

Importunities.— You owe them wholly to your own Merit, and to the true Love I have for you : I never lov'd or esteem'd you otherwise than as the most perfect and most accomplish'd Person in the World, and when I enflam'd and made a slave of your heart (as you tell me) I did no more than you have done by me ; if you have made me happy in giving me infinite pleasures, I still hope I shall one day find the very same grace and favour from you, with the same height of satisfaction, and with Transports as sweet and ravishing as those you formerly were pleas'd to *express*. Have patience, and suffer not your
self

self to be agitated with so
 many various Passions and
 Disturbances ; if you love
 me to extremity with a most
 passionate Love, I love you
 beyond all expression. 'Tis
 you only that wholly and
 solely possess my heart, and
 I dare not tell you, that I am
 continually agitated with the
 like Transports and Passions
 with you, for fear I should
 drive you to utter despair. I
 know very well your Anxie-
 ty and Grief is excessive, by
 reason of my absence ; but
 should not the hope I give
 you of my coming to you,
 very speedily, diminish and
 mitigate your sadness and
 Anxieties ? Call to mind the
 Promise and Protestations of
 con-

constant Love and Fidelity I have made you, and you cannot but live with more satisfaction and joy. I approve of, and love your Jealousy, 'tis an infallible mark of your Tendernefs and Love for me; tho you may be jealous upon a wrong ground, for I never was in Love with any but you : I dare not tell you, you have brought me into a Mortal dispair, to find you reduc'd to so sad an extremity, by vilifying the zeal I have for you ; nevertheless I am sure you will change your note, when you shall have understood my procedure. Put an end to your afflictions, and repent you not of having loved a Man who is wholly

wholly your Acquisition and Property. Your Reputation is not lost by loving me; nor shall the severity of your Parents, nor the rigour of the Laws of your Country, ever be able to hinder me from making you as happy for your whole Life, as your own heart can wish. I know the means for me not to appear ungrateful to you hereafter for the Love you bear me: If you have hazarded all for my sake, I will also abandon all for yours. Have patience then but for a little while, and please and support your self with the hope I give you, you shall find in the issue that the aim and end of my Promises will succeed to
your

your Wishes. I believe (because you tell me so) that the despair you are in for me is much greater in your heart than you can express by your Letters ; is this the reason that you will not conceal your Love from me, because you believe I have not discharged my self of my duty in writting to you ? But I hope this Letter will disabuse and free you of the ill opinion you have of me. The love and respect I have for you tells me continually, that I intirely belong to you, and that Heaven has made us one for the other. The Sentiments I have from you, are the most kindest and tender that any one can possibly have

have for the dearest and most faithful constant Mistress ; preserve your self then for my sake, that we may mutually enjoy the sweetest and most pleasant delights, when I shall become so happy as to possess you : Alay those miserable Transports where-with you are agitated. Oh ! tell me no more of that Tragical end you expect by my means ; that thought destroys me out-right, it makes me dy with horreur and amazement ; I am not capable of having Sentiments so cruel ; the Passions I have for you is so strong, that I cannot but love you to all extremity till death. Destroy not your self, by afflicting your self
thus ;

thus ; but preserve that happy and fair life which is so dear to me , and by that means you will also preserve mine ; afflict me no longer , and take compassion on me , in having pitty for your self. I am so sensibly touch'd for you , that if you shall dy for my sake , I would not survive you one moment. The violent Passion you express for me , gives me aversion and disgust to all things , embitters all my enjoyments , for fear any ill shou'd by that means happen to you. Fear not that I shall ever quit you for any other Mistress ; 'tis a sort of ill Nature , indeed Cruelty , that I am not capable of. I can make no other
use

use of your Passions than to animate me the more to love you, and not to triumph and glorify my self in the advantage you pretend I have over you, to the end I may render my self more amiable to some other Mistress. No, I love you not for Ostentation, or any such unworthy purpose; I am not so proud, nor am I so ill natur'd, or ill bred, to become so base, none but Fools deal so; Your sweet Disposition, your Virtue, and other Perfections, merit a treatment the most tender and respectful: You know I always endeavour'd all I could to hide our Love, lest I should offend or disoblige you; I never

ver have more satisfaction
 and joy than when I recd your
 Letters, I find nothing so
 charming; you believe them
 long and tedious, but I find
 them so short, that I conjure
 you to lengthen them a
 great deal for the future. Say
 not you are beside your self,
 you are too discret in your
 Love, and too prudent in e-
 very thing else to give your
 self that ill quallity; and since
 I am thus infinitely happy in
 having your Letters come
 safe to me, I beseech you con-
 tinue that happiness to me in
 writing often, that I may
 have a fellow-feeling and
 share with you in your griefs,
 and dismiss that dispair you
 tell me I have caused in you,
 that

that you may live in tranquillity for the future. Adieu! If your Love increases every moment, mine is come to the highest degree of passion and violence. Adieu! I shall dy of grief, if you do not as soon as possible let me know those many things you have to say to me; I pray God with all my Soul, this Letter may be safely deliver'd you, to testify the ardour of my Passion for you. Adieu!

The

The Fourth Letter.

I Am extreamly fatisfied to find my Lieutenant hath been to wait on you from me, and has given you an account of me ; I am infinitely obliged to you for the care and tenderness you have for me, I conjure you to believe I have the same reciprocally for you. Do not apprehend that any ill befel me in my Voyage *by Sea*, it was very pleasant to me, and I suffer'd very little by it ; I had written to you as well as to my Lieutenant, but I was affraid that
what

what I shou'd then write, as
 well as what I had formerly
 writ, might not come safe
 to you, and for that reason I
 deferr'd it. I hope you will
 certainly receive this I now
 send you, for the Gentleman
 that carries it is my very
 good Friend ; if I have no-
 tice by the next of yours, that
 you have not heard from me,
 I will not stay one moment,
 but come away and comfort
 you. I never fail'd writing
 to you, and answering your
 Letters when ever I had op-
 portunity so to do. I must
 own and look upon my self
 as the most unhappy of all
 Lovers (tho the most faith-
 ful) since you never receive
 my Letters ; I know not
 what

what more to do than still
 (as formerly) declare and
 give you all assurance possi-
 ble of *my most sound and ten-*
der Love for you. But to
 what end do you write so
 often to me, since my An-
 swers never come at you ?
 It is necessary, and I will
 continue writing to you, for
 I am never better satisfied,
 nor do I breath with so much
 ease at any time, as when I
 have a Pen in hand to write
 to you ; but I become heart-
 less and miserable, and seem
 ready to dy as soon as I lay
 it aside. When you write
 to me I am even ready to dy
 both for Grief and Joy, with-
 out being able to dy out-
 right ; I die for grief to find
 you

you so afflicted by your not
 receiving my Letters, I die
 for joy whenever I receive
 yours: I preserve your Let-
 ters with more care and ten-
 derness, than I do my own
 Person, as the proper gages
 of your Love, which I shall
 give you a faithful account
 of when I shall be fully hap-
 py to see you. I acknow-
 ledge you have reason to
 treat me as ungrateful, since
 you receive no answer from
 me; but I perswade my self
 you will have other
 thoughts of me when I have
 undeceived you. I have al-
 ways concerved the same
 fondness I ever had for you,
 and have given you proof of
 in your Chamber. My Life,
 my

my Estate, my Honour, my
 All is yours, and depend of
 you ; I sacrifice all to you, I
 love you, believe me, I a-
 dore you with all my Soul ;
 I conjure you not to questi-
 on it in the least. Complain
 not for the future of my
 want of concern or any pas-
 sionate affection for you ; I
 have the same extream fond-
 ness for you as formerly ;
 how unhappy am I that I
 cannot tell you my thoughts
 face to face. What sure Te-
 stimonies wou'd you then
 have of my Love ? But then
 there would be no need of
 any ; my languishing eyes,
 and countenance full of love,
 would make you easily read
 the passion which has thus

D

in-

inflamm'd my heat. Spare all these disquiets you give your self upon my account, and know that my procedure is the very same with that I made appear to you in the most happy days of our first conversation. You are not abused : My affectionat concern and passion for you have always been sincere, and shall ever be so during my life. Do not suspect my Fidelity, I love you most tenderly : I can make you no excuse for the negligence you charge me with, I am no ways too blame in that matter : I love you with too much fervency to be guilty of it ; and you have reason to justify me upon that oc-
ca-

((551))

caſion you ſelf; I acknow-
ledg that my affiduous At-
tendances, my Transports,
Complaiſance, my Oaths,
my violent inclination to
you, and my ſo agreeable
and happy beginnings, may
have altogether charmed and
inflamed you; but not with-
ſtanding you are not sedu-
ced. 'Tis vain for you to
ſhed ſo many Tears, ſince I
perſevere and am ſtill the
ſame, your moſt faithful and
constant Lover. If you have
taſted abundance of Pleaſure
in loving me, I hope you
ſhall for the future enjoy as
much, and much more. End
then your Griefs, and allay
thoſe paſſionate emotions
which diſtract your Soul.

D 2

Have

Have some pity on me. I find my self dying with despair when you assure me you suffer so much for me. You need not tell me you stood not out, nor resisted my love with any stubbornness ; I know very well you did not, you never gave me the least occasion of Chagrin or Jealousie to *inflame me* the more, or make my passion the more earnest ; that is an assured mark of the free and natural kindness and tenderness you have for me ; and 'tis that does oblige me to love you, and to adore you eternally : I at once both admire and love that ingenuous freedom without artifice, and that most obliging conduct
of

of your love towards me
without disguise. Ah! how
happy am I? A Sweetness
so great and delightful; an
Intimidation so tender, free,
and natural; a *Love* so per-
fect, and a *Beauty* so accom-
plish'd; how infinitely am I
your Debtor for so many
great and fair perfections
which center in you?
Since you were pleas'd
to sacrifice them to me
every day, with so much
tenderness and ardour, I
should be the most ungrate-
ful and perfidious of all *Le-
vers*, if I had not a due sense;
and should not make due Ac-
knowledgments of them; I
am thoroughly sensible of
them, and if you were per-

swaded thereof during the
 time I had the honour of
 your Conversation, you will
 find your self much more
 perswaded thereof for the fu-
 ture. How sweet are the
 marks of your Love and Fa-
 vor to me? When you tell me
 I appear'd lovely to you, be-
 fore ever I had told you I
 loved you, and that you
 were inclin'd and even rap't
 to love me, even to the ut-
 most degree of Passion, how
 great the zeal, how great
 the Complaisance, or rather
 what excess of Love was it
 in you? And how great was
 my happiness and good for-
 tune to know so excellent a
 Person was so passionately in
 Love with me. What re-
 turns

turns of thanks do I not owe you, and what expressions can I possibly use to declare a Passion answerable to yours? You confound me——and my Love, tho never so ingenious, cannot find terms expressive enough of the ardour of my zeal to answer those, whereby you declare your affection for me. I shall only say this, that the Transports of my Passion are inconceivable, and that I love you infinitely. Tho these Expressions speak a great deal, I know well they say but little to what you deserve; nevertheless you may thereby be assur'd, that you have not been deceived, as you believe, since I love

you with an equal and Re-
 ciprocal kindness, with all
 my Soul. Those tender Pas-
 sions of yours have always
 appear'd to me so sweet and
 agreeable, that I have always
 been charmed with them.
 I believe I have made a wor-
 thy choice in *Portugal*, when
 I prefer'd you before any o-
 ther Person, for the *Object*
of my Love, and for all your
 other Perfections, having al-
 ways resolved after my re-
 turn to live and die with
 you. Do not then accuse
 me any more of Cruelty, and
 call me no longer a Tyrant ;
 I exercise no Rigour towards
 you ; all you can pretend, is
 but imaginary, caused by
 your not receiving my Let-
 ters ;

ters; it is true, you made but little resistance to my love, and by a particular and most endearing goodness you were easily willing to close with, and fasten your self to me: However, complain not that I have quitted you; I had pressing Reasons at that time to part with you, but as strong as they were, I should not have done it, unless you had consented; neither the Vessels then bound for *France*, nor my Family, nor my Honour, no, nor the Service of my King's (whom I revere) should ever have oblig'd me to absent my self from you, if your self had not permitted me so to do. Did not

D 5

you

you know that I am wholly
 yours ? Why did you not
 then stay me ? You had no
 more to do than to agree to
 the offer I made you of stay-
 ing, I should have consented
 to it with all the joy imagi-
 nable : But we have this to
 comfort us both, that the
 time of my return draws
 near, and that you shall see
 the fears and affrightments
 you are in, lest I should ne-
 ver come to you again, soon
 dissipated. Never let such
 Apprehensions trouble you,
 and since you love with so
 much Passion, let it be with-
 out Grief and Anxieties. Quit
 the Aversion and Disgust
 you have to every thing ;
 torment yourself no longer,
 let

let your Kindred, Friends and Convent, serve to comfort you, and convert every thing that, (thro your excess of Melancholy) you have made matter of Affliction to you, into matter of Recreation and Comfort, and not of Torment and Suffering; assure your self, that if you employ all the moments of your life for me, I do the very same for you; as your heart is full of Love, let not the dislike and aversion you have for every thing, cohabit there; live in all Tranquillity, and repose, and let not your Life be miserable and languishing any longer; keep your Passion close and undiscoverable till my return,

turn, that your mother, your Relations, and your fellow-Nuns, may be disabused. If all the World is concern'd for your Love, I conjure you to believe that I think myself much more interested and concern'd than all the World besides. My Letters are not so cool and indifferent as you take them to be; 'tis because your mind is prepossessed with excess of Love that you imagin so. If they are not so long as you wisht to have them, 'twas because I believ'd I had said a great deal in a few words: I assure you, I never had more pleasure than when I was writing to you: loving to perfection as you do, you ought not

not to afflict your self. Divert your spirit then from all anxious imaginations, and give truce to your griefs : Let that Balcone where *Dona Brites* and you used sometimes to walk together, be a subject of Joy to you, since 'twas there the passion which inflames you, had its birth, which I have always by all Testimonies possibly answered, with all tenderness. You were in no mistake when you believed I had from that very time a design to please and *ingratiate* my self with you, it was indeed all my desire, I took special notice of you above the rest of the Company, I considered you attentively and earnestly, and
 was

was so forcibly taken with your beauty, and all other your perfections, that I suffered my self to slide easily into a Resolution of loving you: 'Twas then I understood by Gestures, so amorous and most pleasing to me, that you had an Inclination for me, and that you took a singular pleasure in every thing I did, as if my love had suggested to you, and prompted you to believe that all my Actions had no other aim, than solely to please you. But all those beginnings of our Love shou'd not transport us into Despair, and make me pass for a Criminal with you, since all I did was for a good end,

end, and that I love you as
 faithfully, as you love me.
 You may expect from me,
 all that is possible for me to
 do to satisfy you. I cannot
 be ungrateful, for all those
 endearing tenderneſſes your
 love expreſſed towards me.
 My Body, my Soul, my
 Life, my Honour, and my
 Eſtate are all yours; my
 procedure is better than you
 believe. Be not apprehen-
 ſive, that I abandon you.
 'Tis a ſort of baſeneſs and in-
 gratitude ſo odious to me,
 that it never ſhall prevail
 over me. If you are per-
 ſwaded, that I have any
 Charms, or any agreeable
 good Qualities, I make a Sa-
 crifice of them to you. I
 ne-

never will devote my self to any other but you, and since you find merit in me, I am satisfied, all the fair Ladies of the World are nothing with me, in comparison with you; nor will I ever love any of them, but your fairest best self. And provided, I be always in your Favour and good Opinion, I am then come to the height of my wishes, and compleatly happy. Do not then with me so much favour and kindness from the fairest Ladies of *France*. You shall find in the issue, that I am not subject to change, and that the most charming Objects, shall never be able to make me forget the Love I have
for

for you. I do not make it my business, to find out specious Pretexts to make you appear culpable, and to make you unhappy. 'Tis not my design to stay long in *France*; I cannot enslave my self there to lose you. Neither the Fatigue of a long Voiage, nor the greatest dangers, the regard I have for my Relations, my Estate, my Honour, nor any Convenience or Advantage whatever, shall be able to divert me from coming to render you my Adorations. I answer with all my Heart and Soul all your Transports of Love; nor can your Passion be greater than mine is. I would to God I were eternally

ly fix'd in one certain place near you, where I might always have the pleasure of viewing and contemplating of you, of serving you, of loving you, and of adoring you. I say not this to flatter you, I am so enchanted with your Charms and Favours, that I live but half a Life, with the Despair and Misery I am in, that I cannot have the happiness of seeing you again soon enough, as I wish. I am so far from being touched with the Rigor and severity of any other Mistress, that the kindest and most sweet Treatments, the most charming Caresses, the most advantageous Favours, the fairest Promises,
and

and all from the fairest and most agreeable Lady in the World, shall not be able to draw me off (but for one moment) from loving you. Stifle then that vain and fruitless fear, never have it in your thought, that I shall quit you for any other. What is there in or about you, that is not most amiable? And what can be more charming than your Beauty? More sweet and pleasant than your Discourse and Entertainment? What more agreeable than your Conversation? More tender and affectionate than your Love? What more attractive than your Pleasures? What more affecting than your sight? More

More firm than your Promises? Or more fervent than your Zeal? After so many extraordinary Qualities and Perfections, can you harbour the least thought of my being able to quit you, to make my self miserable in the slavery of some other Mistress? No, Madam, do not imagin I can be so inconstant. I have too much Love and Esteem for you, to use you at that rate. 'Tis true, I told you in confidence, that some time since I had once loved another Lady in *France*: But her Merit is nothing in value compar'd to yours, her Charms are but shadows to your Perfections. Her Discourse flat
and

and insipid, her Conversation is nauseous to me, and to tell you all in a word, I am so distasted with her, that I never saw her since. To confirm this Truth to you, I will send you one of her Letters with her Picture. You may by them judge of Beauty, Wit and Conduct. I believe you will not be jealous when you shall know all I tell you; and when I have the happiness to see you, I will entertain you with the Discourses I have had from her. It will be a Subject of much diversion to comfort you; and since you are interested so much in all that is dear to me, I'll bring you the Pictures of my Brother and

and Sister in Law. You are pleased to say, that at some Seasons, you think you cou'd have humility enough to attend as Servant to the Woman I love. That thought is extreamly obliging ; but since you have so much kindness for me, I conjure you to employ that good service for your self. For you are the only Person I ever will adore and serve as long as I live. Be not perswaded that I use you ill, that I vilifie and despise you in any degree ; far be it from me to have any such thoughts. I am too well acquainted with your Merit, and have too much respect and zeal for you, to be guilty of any such matter. You do

do me much wrong to be jealous of me, and to reproach me in this manner. I approve, with much ardour, the most sweet Sentiments and happy affections of your Soul; and intirely consecrate to you all the movements of my Heart. I conjure you to write often to me. Your Letters are so dear to me, that I conserve them as the most precious things in the World; you cannot make them large enough for me. Your Passion is so pleasing and agreeable to me, that I never have more joy, than when I see it pourtraied upon Paper. That gives you comfort and me also. And my unhappiness is,

is, that I am not with you to give some respite to your Troubles. I know, 'tis a Year now since you last gave me the most Sweet and delightful Favours and kind effects of your Love. I shall with pleasure remember that happy day while I live. How delightful were the Transports ? How sweet Emotions of passion ? What Ardour, Fire and Spirit ? With what indearing kindness did you express your Love for me ? What inconceivable Pleasures did you make me partake of and enjoy ? My Soul was like to flee away with the height of Joy and Pleasures it received. Your other Favours, and the sincerity

cerity: wherewith you used to express all, have so charmed me, that I could not leave you without an unparallel'd regret to undertake a Voyage, which has caused me infinite hazards and sufferings. When I think of those hapy moments, wherein I enjoyed so many delights with you, I often called to mind that amiable modesty which appear'd so graceful in your charming Countenance. If any confusion happen'd to appear there, it serv'd only to heighten my Passion, and inflame me the more. I wish to God, the Officer you speak of had not left you so soon, I had had the satisfaction of being

E

en-

entertain'd longer with the sweet Pleasures of your Letters. Adieu ! If you had much ado to put an end to your Letter, I had an extreme regret and difficulty to close mine. Do not apprehend that I quit you ; I have too much tenderness for you to do it. I give you thanks with all my Heart for the Love you have for me, I conjure you to believe I have an equal Passion for you. Those Names of tenderness which you would have given me, how agreeable would they have been, if you had expressed them in your Letter ? But 'tis no great matter ; it suffices that you have them in your heart,
since

since you had not time to
 write them. I give your
 dear Person the like. I give
 my self up wholly to you ;
 my Soul, my Body, my E-
 state, my Honour, all de-
 pend on you, I make a Sa-
 crifice to you of all that is
 dear to me : How I love
 you ! How I esteem ! How
 I adore you ! What Trans-
 ports of love, what affectio-
 nate movements have I for
 you ! O how dear you are
 to me ! How cruel Fortune
 is to remove me to this di-
 stance from you ! What
 Compassion do you move me
 to ! What unhappiness do
 you occasion me ! Compas-
 sion for all the tender kind
 Sentiments you have for me,

and unhappiness because I cannot make a Reciprocal return of the kindness you have for me, nearer to you, and by being present with you. What Respects, what Submissions, what affectionate tenderesses would I not shew you! How sincere a Soul, how open and clear a Heart should you find! O what joy! What pleasures, what satisfaction, what consolation should we not mutually receive and enjoy? Adieu! Write more largely to me for the future, I take infinite pleasure in the sweetness of your Letters, Adieu. Comfort your self, I shall have the good Fortune to see you shortly, and give you
all

(77)

all assurance of the Fidelity
and Constancy of my Love.
Adieu. Have some pity for
me.

E 3 *The*

The Fifth Letter.

HOW rigorously and cruelly do you treat me? Ah me: Who has obliged you to forbear writing any more to me? What unkindness have I done you? What assurance have you that I love you no longer. My Passion for you is at this time greater and more Ardent than ever. I reverence you, I adore you with all my Soul, and am ready to abandon all that is dearest to me, to come and throw myself at your feet. I conjure you to continue your Friendship

ship for me, and to conserve those pledges of my Love I left with you. Do not give them away, nor shew them to any one. Have my Picture always before your Eyes, consider it attentively, wear those Bracelets for my sake; send them not back to me, and employ not *Dona Brites*, who was our Confident, and privy to our greatest, our sweetest secrets, to give me so grievous a trouble. Let not your Despair transport you thus, to be so much my Enemy : Moderate your Hatred. I am innocent of any thing you charge me with. Burn not those precious Pledges you have of mine : But if you will con-

sume them, let it be with the Fire of your Love. Do not persecute me with so much hatred; 'tis a sort of Cruelty and Impotence your great Soul was never guilty of. Love is a Vertue so dear to you, that you cannot be unconstant; and you have too much Generosity to treat me ill. Whence then comes this Rigor? Have not I subjected my self to you, even to the last breath of my Life? What reason have you to become my Enemy? What have I done to you? What satisfaction can you desire of one that never has offended you, and tho I were never so innocent, I am willing to appear culpable,

ble, because you wish to have me so. But of what Crime do you accuse me? Are you inflexible towards me? Who make it my glory, to sacrifice my all entirely to you. But miserable that I am! What do I say? What means shall I use to appease you? You are so incensed against me, that I know not what will come of it? What shall I do? Who shall I apply my self to? Who shall make my Peace with you; now I am absent from you? Who shall assure you of my Constancy, since you are perswaded to the contrary? And to remove this Aversion from your Heart, I conjure you often to

remember the delicious pleasures we have injoyed together, and the Pledges and Assurances I have given you, that I never will abandon you. Do you and *Dona Brites* frequently entertain one another with the remembrances of those sweetnesses and delights. Comfort ye one the other. Consider the excess of my Passion and your own. Bethink you of all those Difficulties and Violences you speak of. Oppose with all your might, those Inclinations you seem to have of forsaking me; and be convinc'd you will find inducements infinitely more agreeable and just, to continue your Love for me constantly

stantly for ever, than ever you will find to forsake me. Wherefore would you destroy a Lover so constant and faithful, who has been but lately so dear to you, one you have loved with so much tenderness, a Lover, who has been the sweetest, most delightful Object of your Passion, whom you have often given so earnest and endearing Testimonies of it. A Lover you have embraced with so much Ardour and earnestness of Affection, and one who by all sorts of Carresses has done you right, in returning your Love with the utmost height of Passion. Love has too well united our Hearts ; and though you en-

endeavour it, I do not believe you will be able to overcome so strong and so agreeable a Passion. Your manner of writing thus, is only to make tryal of me. Or if you are real in it, your Hatred and Rigor are so ill founded and groundless, that they cannot last long. Accuse me not of indifference towards you, or shewing any sort of Contempt of you, I dare invoke Heaven to witness the Esteem and constant Passion I have always had for you. If I have by my Letters made Protestations of Friendship for you, I do with veritable respects and submissions, suitable to the reality of my Passion. You would.

would believe so, if you had receiv'd all I writ to you, and would be fully perswaded of the contrary, of what you have now written to me, I believe your Relations and your Abbess (who are jealous of our Amour) hold Correspondence, and have given you counterfeit Letters, in the room of the Answers I sent to all the Letters I receiv'd from you, with so much joy and pleasure, which makes me forbear writing any more to you, for fear of some such Accident. I am providing to part hence in fifteen days, and to come and find you out in *Portugal*. After this Promise I have made you of
see.

seeing you again very speedily, I conjure you to become your self again, and let your love surmount your Hatred. If you are convinced of your doubts, you must needs be satisfied of the Esteem, Respect and Love I have for you. I never had so great inclination to any thing, as to love, to serve, and to adore you. If I could have been so ingrateful as to quit you after all your favors to me, I should have given you some Proof of my inclination to it before I left you, either by dropping some odd words by some indifference or coldness towards you, to make you understand it, or I should have dealt with *De-*

na Brites, or some other
 Confident to have obliged
 you not to write to me. - Or
 I should have endeavour'd to
 undeceive you by not send-
 ing any Answers to your
 Letters. Or by some speci-
 ous Pretexts, I would have
 pretended, I was obliged to
 continue in *France*, so as ne-
 ver to be able to come and
 see you again. Have I ever
 used any such finesses as
 these? Have I ever deceiv-
 ed you by my discourses?
 Have you ever found any
 coldness or indifference in
 me? Have I ever dealt with
 any body to endeavour to
 divert your Passion from me?
 Have not you frequently
 written to me, and have I
 not

not as often answered you ? Have I sought out occasion to stay in *France* without you ? Have I said, I never would return into *Portugal* ? Have I ever given you any ground of displeasure toward me ? Have I not with all sincerity discovered to you the real sentiments of my Soul ? Have I ever fail'd to pay you all sorts of Civility and Respect, or been any way wanting in my Love ? Why then do you make these Complaints ? What do you accuse me of ? And what have I done to you, that you should be thus cruel to me ? Disabuse your self (Madam) at length, and do not believe I can ever be so unwor-

wor-

worthy as to quit you. Do not render me so ill a man, guilty of such ill Qualities as you speak of, and do me right to believe me worthy of all the kind Passions and sweet Habits of love, your Soul is possessed with for me. Never believe that I can give you any occasion to forget me. The favour you desire of me serves at the same time, both to afflict and inflame my Passion the more. 'Tis true, I was extremely troubled when I read your Letter. But the Cause was your Reproaches, your Menaces, your scorn of me, and your very unkind Treatment of me every way; together with the Despair
 10
 you

you thereby threw me into.
 Bateing these Regrets: Ah!
 How much joy; what contentment, what ravishing satisfaction should I not have in hearing from you. Well! Notwithstanding all this Rigour you treat me with, I will still comfort my self with the Hope of pacifying your Choler. I will patiently bear your Contempt and Anger, till your Reason shall one day bring a calm into your Soul, and make you acknowledge (when I shall be with you) that you have wrong'd an innocent. Why do you write to me that I should not concern my self with you, or your Affairs? Who has more right,

or

or is more interested to take care of you than my self? Do you Question my Discretion? Do not you know how far I have been interested in all your Concernments? How I have pertaken in all your Afflictions? I know very well that you are exceeding wise, that you manage your Affairs with all prudence, and that all your Actions are without blemish or reproach. If I have my self of your Actions, 'twas only that I might have occasion to admire the wisdom of your Counsels, the Prudence of your Conduct, and your happy Address in all you undertake, which you succeed in with a Facility so marvelous

ous

ous, that 'tis equally surprizing and wonderful. Yet when I consider how you are choaked, I could find in my heart, to disengage my self. But what can I do more, to render my self better in *your Opinion* ? To make you more favourable to my *Passion*, and continue your tenderness for me. Command me, and I am ready to satisfie you, in order rather to the removing the evils you endure, than to terminate my own. I am pleased to suffer all that comes from you : Your most severe Rigors are no other than Charms to me. I am extremely obliged to you, for all the ill Treatments I have
re-

received from you; they are rather Fuel to my Flame, and render it more sprightly and lively. I am content to suffer in this manner, provided, it bring you any comfort in your Grief, and make you more contented. I would to God you could live satisfied and happy in the certainty of my Love. Having expressed so great an aversion to me, you afterwards profess you do not hate me, which is very obliging: But I must take the Liberty to tell you, you will do my Love greater Justice in continuing your Passion for me, as formerly, having never done any thing in my Life that could forfeit it. I
will

will not say, but you may find a Lover of greater merit than my self, but I am certain, you never will find one so faithful and constant as I am. Your Passion predominates altogether over me ; it has inflam'd , has taken full Possession of me, as of you ; holds me altogether a slave, not allowing me one moments Liberty. You are witness of all this your self, because you confess, one cannot forget that which causes all the violent Transports one is capable of, that all the Affections and Movements of the Heart, tend to the closing with, and enjoying the Object belov'd, that the first Ideas and Impressions

ons

ons cannot be affaced, that the first *wounds* are *incurable*, that all sorts of Passions, all the most luscious and delightful Pleasures a Man can without any check or obstruction find out, are vain and insufficient, to withdraw a Man from that he loves most, and serve to make one acknowledge, that nothing is dearer or more sweet, than the remembrance of the Sufferings undergone upon the *Account* of ones *Love*. That such Expressions are sweet in the Mouth of a faithful Mistress; that they are rather powerful and delightful Charms to a poor Lover when he is in despair? Ah! How they comfort me,
how

how they give me assurance, that I still am lodg'd within your Heart, since I find your Sentiments for me are still so full of tenderness and sweetness. But why should not I hope yet to be more in your Favour, since you must know that my *Affection* is most sincere and perfect, that my Love is reciprocal, that your Inclination has not been mis-led or seduced, and that you have settled your *Affection* upon one who makes it his Glory to love you all the Days of his life.

I know very well (Madam) you have so much *sweetness* and Compassion, that you would not bring either my self, or any body
 else

else into the deplorable condition you say you are reduced to. That unwillingness in you is a certain sign of your good Nature. I conjure you, to believe that it is as well my Inclination also; and that if you suffer, I have not in any manner contributed to it.

Take no pains in endeavouring to find out Exeuses for me, upon that score you do. I am not guilty at all of what you accuse me. I am of the belief, that a Man so perfect as you are, must be infinitely lovely. The Reasons you give to make out, that Beauties under such confinement, merit more of

F

our

our esteem and love, than those abroad in the World are most powerful and convincing. But without further Regard to the fair demonstrations you lay before us. I tell you in few words, that in loving you, I had no other consideration than for your own proper Merit. The manner of proceeding Ladies abroad in the World use, I do by no means like. They are for the most part fickle, and given to change; they cannot confine their Affection to one place, and when they love, 'tis not without Dissimulation, or 'tis for Complaisance
or

or for Interest. The Rigor they use, the Scorn, the Difficulty, the several sorts of Tricks, the Dissimulations give their Lovers a hundred times more trouble and Anxieties, than Pleasure or Joy. I know you alledge not these Reasons to make your self beloved. You have Qualities far more valuable to attract even the most stubborn Hearts, and your Charms are so powerful as none can resist. Your Beauty, Constancy, Fidelity and Sweetness of Disposition, make all that have the honour to know you, to admire, serve and adore you. All other Beauties are no-

thing in comparison to you;
 and I dare affirm it to be a
 high Crime to imprison
 within a narrow Convent, a
 Person of your excellent Ac-
 complishments. If you are
 unhappy, it is by reason of
 your Captivity there, which
 you may free your self of
 when ever you please Your
 apprehension was ground-
 less, because I could not see
 you every day, that I pro-
 ved unfaithful to you. Do
 not you know it was neither
 in my *power*, nor in yours,
 that we should see one the
 other often, by reason of
 your being kept close up,
 and of the danger I incurr'd
 if I came within your Mo-
 nesta-

nestary. If I left you to go
 to the Army; I had first
 your own consent to it. And
 nothing but your worth on-
 ly could ever have kept me
 from it. If you had com-
 manded me to stay, I had
 with all my Heart quitted
 the service of my Prince,
 and had wholly engaged my
 self in yours only, without
 fearing either the displeasure
 of your Relations, or the
 rigor of the Laws of your
 Country. I never fail'd to
 give you proof sufficient of
 my Passion, while I was in
Portugal. If my Letters
 came not safe to you, I was
 not to blame, and could not
 help it. I should have been

extreamly troubled, if you had left the Convent to have come and found me out in *France* ; not but that I should have been overjoyed to have embraced you in that fair Country ; But for the Peril you had by such an enterprize exposed your self to, and the Fatigue you had undergone by such a Journey. If you are of the mind to hold that design still, I can tell the means to make it succeed to your wish, when I shall be happy to see and speak with you. I venture to write thus freely to you, since your Abbess and Relations are acquainted with our intrigue. In the mean time,

time, the moderateness of your Love, your coldness, contempt, and your so sudden change give me so great trouble, that I am in the depth of Despair: Well! 'Tis no great matter, I give myself comfort still, and am persuaded, your native sweetness and Love will predominate, and am assured, and that as soon as ever you receive this Letter, or see me but one moment, you will change your Resolution. I do not forget (Madam) that I have the greatest Obligations to you of any Person living, you have loved me to extremity of Passion, to death; you have for my sake

sacrificed your Honour, and your Life to the hatred and scorn of your Parents, and to the severity of your Religion, and the rigor of the Laws of your Country, what acknowledgments do not I owe for a Passion so great and excessive ? Do you believe it is possible for me to forget you, or to quit you after so great *Proofs* of your *Love* ? Madam, you would have had *reason* to complain of me, If I had proved so ungreatful, as not to have answer'd your Letters, and not have given you reciprocal *Testimony* of my Love, and that with the same Ardour you expressed towards me :

me : That had been unbecoming a man of Honour. I had been a Traytor, a Villain, and the most ungrateful Lover in the World; on the other side, God is my Witness, I always persevered to adore you, and to love you much better than I love myself. I never wanted either Respect or Love for you when I write to you, I always did it with all the Ardor and Civility possible : I have given you proofs of a Passion, the most perfect and excessive that any man could have for the most lovely and accomplish'd Person in the World. In this state, and with those Sentiments

I always persevere : What can I do more ? What can you desire more of me ? I have made an intire Sacrifice to you of all that I am, and of all that belongs to me. I am ready to *abandon all* for you, to undertake a tedious *Voyage*, to pass the Seas, and to expose my Life to the mercy of the Waves to come and find you out, even at your Monastery. There's nothing more remains after so great Testimonies of my *Passion* (If I shall be so happy as to survive all these Hazards) but to come and make a new Sacrifice of myself to your Choler, that I will do when I have the happiness

piness of seeing you, I will
 throw *my self* at your *Feet*
 (how *guiltless* and *innocent*
foever I am of all you accused
 me) as a Victim to the
 heat of your *Courroux* and
Fury, without the *least* re-
sistance to your *Will* and *Plea-*
sure. All these *Proofs* of my
Passion for you are (me-
 thinks) far from being the
 Effects of that natural Aver-
 sion you believe I have for
 you ; so far that I love you
 infinitely, you are infinitely
 dear to me, and I am whol-
 ly yours, and at your D-
 votion I know well enough,
 I have no *Qualifications* fit
 to recommend me to, or in
 any degree to merit your
 Love,

Love, but that of a faithful Lover, though in that point you seem to do me the *injury* to *distrust* me. You *demand* of me what I have ever done to *oblige* or *please* you, what *Sacrifice* I have made you, and if I had not always a *greater regard* to my own pleasure and satisfaction than to yours. And now in answer, give me leave to demand of you, if I have not obeyed you in all things you had a mine to, or would have me? If I have not sacrificed my all to you, all that I am, and all that I have? Or if I have sought after any other pleasures, than those you were *pleased* to

to allow. If I gamed, or went a hunting, did not you approve of these Recreations? When I went to the Army, did not you consent and give me free leave? If I was one of the *last* in leaving it, I was detain'd by force. If I expos'd my self to the danger of Shot, I did it with all the *Prudence* and *Caution* I could possible; but always with a dew regard to my Honour, that I might become the more worthy of you, and your Favour. And if upon my return into *Portugal*, I did not settle my self there; 'twas because I found not an *occasion* favourable enough for our Love.

'Tis

'Tis true, a Letter from my Brother made me leave the Country, but 'twas upon an occasion so urgent, as would not admit of any delay. Your self agreed to it also; and if you had commanded me to have put off my *Voiage*, and to have staid with you, I would have obey'd you. I thought I should *have dyed by the way* for grief and longing for you: And if I strove with my Melancholy, and cherish'd my self a little, it was only with design to preserve my self for you. After all this, what should I have done? What Reason have you to hate me mortally, as you do, except what proceeds.

(III)

ceeds from your own vain imagination: What misfortunes have you drawn upon your self, but such as your own wilfulness has occasioned? If you bestowed your Love upon me with great Passion and Faithfulness, I never did abuse it, but on the contrary, took *all Care to make a right use* of it, and to render *you* the like with all Fidelity. You say you never used Artifice towards me. Have not I been as sincere towards *you*? You say, there must be means used with skill and good address to create Affection. Did I ever oppose your Passion? And why are you not of
Opinion,

Opinion, that your Love created Love in me, since the true sympathetick secret is, to love, is to make one be beloved ?

You tell me, that I would have you Love me; I confess it, but before ever I had any such design, you loved me; for you have owned to me, that you were in Love with me, before ever I gave you reason to believe I loved you. If without your consent I gave my self up to your Love; had I not abundant reason, since I could find nothing in you but what was amiable. 'Tis true, I believed you of a Complexion amorous enough, however I
loved

loved you nothing the less for that, it rather raised my Passion to the highest degree : Therefore I could never be perfidious towards you. I never deceived you. I do not fear your menaces, and am perswaded, that when you shall have consider'd my Reasons, you will be more just, than to deliver up your Lover (who is innocent) to the Vengeance of your Relations. If you think you have lived in a state of Desertion, and Idolatry in loving me, can you think I have not *done* the *same* in loving you? The *difference* between us is but in *three points* ; to wit, That
you

you are changed, and I *am*
constant, that you repent you
 ever loved me, which I do
 not for my loving you; that
 you are *asham'd* of your
 Passion, which you would
 have pass for a Crime: and
 I cannot be *ashamed* of mine,
 for I am certain, 'tis an ex-
 cellent Virtue to be in love.
 The Violence of your Pas-
 sion has not hindred you to
 discover the Enormities of
 it, for there are none. Where-
 fore then is your *heart* thus
torn and divided? What *Op-*
pression is it that thus tor-
 ments *you*? I am no way the
 Occasion of all these *trou-*
bles to you. I always loved
 you and served you faithful-
 ly.

ly. Nor have you Reason to wish me harm, *but* to resolve, to let me live happy; which with much ease I may if you please to allow it; for I never wanted generosity towards you. I hope you will make no difficulty of writing another Letter to me, to let me know you are in a more settled quiet *state of mind*; but I *shall* be arrived in *Portugal* before that, where my presence will bring you the Tranquility you wish for, and will undeceive you, as to the unjust proceedings you believe me guilty of, and for which you reproach me. Then instead of Scorn you will give

give me Praises, instead of
 accusing me of Falshood, you
 will own my Fidelity, and
 instead of forgetting your
 Pleasures, you will have
 them in your *thoughts* and
 designments continually.
 And I know I shall be more
 in your mind and *favour*,
 than ever I yet have been.
 If you believe I have any ad-
 vantage over you by know-
 ing how to make you love
 me, believe it, I am not at
 all vain. I know I owe that
good Fortune, neither to your
Youth nor your Credulity,
 nor to the Commendations
 you please to give me, no,
 nor to any of those Reasons
 you alledge; but to your
 sole

sole Bounty. Though all
 People spoke well to *you* of
 me, and your self commend
 me, yet I never had the *Te-*
merity or Arrogance to at-
 tribute it to my own merit.
 All I have done has not been
 (as by way of Filtre) to de-
 ceive you, but really to give
 you my faithful honest Love;
 for I have alwas had a gene-
 rous Passion for you. I con-
 jure you to preserve all my
 Letters, and to read them
 often for the establisshing
 your Love ; but not to
 withdraw it. 'Tis a happi-
 ness to me, and pleasure in-
 comparable to be beloved by
 a Person so perfect and ac-
 complish'd as you are. I be-
 seech

seech you to believe that I will love and adore you in this manner for my whole Life. Forget the reproaches you are forward to revile me with. You will find the contrary when you see me in *Portugal*, and will then choose rather to remember than forget me. And resolve to persevere always in your Love, for I shall disabuse you of that false belief you have concerning me. Adieu! I conjure you once more, never to quit me, but incessantly to think of the Ardent Passion I have for you. And write no more to me; possibly your Letters, while I am in my
Voyage

(119)

Voyage, may not come safe home. Adieu ! I will give you an exact account of all my Movements, you shall give me the same of yours, when I shall have the happiness to see you. Adieu.

FINIS.

Books Printed for R. Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown the West end of St. Paul's Church Yard, and E. Rumbold at the Post House, Covent Garden.

THe Elements of History, from the Creation of the World to the Monarchy of Constantine the Great, being an Abridgment of Howel's History of the World, done by himself, &c. Price 5 s.

The Essay's of Michael Signeur de Montague in three Vol. P. 1 s.

The Inegnius Novels of Mr. Scarron. Price 5 s.

The Histories and Novels of the late Ingenious Mrs. Behn, collected into one Vol. Price. 5 s.

Familier Letters written by the Right Honourable John late Earl of Rochester, to the Honourable H. Savile, Esq; &c. In 2 Vol. P. 5 s.

Where Gent. and Ladies may be furnish'd with all sorts of Novels and Plays, viz. Mr. Otway's, Mr. Lee's, Mr. Dryden's, and Mrs. Behn's Works.

l-
n
f
,
e
l.
n
o
e
f
,
r
.
f
.
e
l
e
.
e
.
.